



BEECHER'S THEORY AND PRACTICE.



H. W. B.—"THE MAN WHO CAN'T LIVE ON BREAD AND WATER IS NOT FIT TO LIVE!"

"PUCK",

No. 13 North William Street, New York.

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWS DEALERS.

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One Copy one year, or 52 numbers.....\$5.00
 One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers..... 2.50
 One Copy for thirteen weeks..... 1.25

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Notice to Authors and Artists.

Literary and artistic contributions are solicited. Address all manuscripts and sketches to

Editor "PUCK",
 13 North William St., New York.

NOTICE.

Puck's Theatrical Cartoons.

In the next number of PUCK, the THEATRICAL CARICATURES, which were received with so much favor last season, will be resumed.

The first of the new series will be a striking sketch, by

Mr. JOSEPH KEPPLER,

OF

Two "Great Dramatic" Authors,

MARK TWAIN AND BRET HARTE AT WORK.

Other cartoons and character sketches, of equal interest, will follow during the theatrical season of 1877, to which we call the attention of all friends of the American Stage.

PUCK'S CARTOONS.

THE DOG AND THE SHADOW.

A FABLE.

You've heard of that untutored dog who saw,
 Reflected in a brook by which he stood,
 His meat; determined to appease his maw,
 He quickly clutched the shadow of his food,
 And lost, as well one might suppose he'd do,
 His solid dinner and the shadow too.

To point the moral which we thus obtain,
 Let's take the thoughtless laborer in view,
 Who daily holds one dollar as his gain,
 Which he would double if a plan he knew;
 Clutching the shadow tempting to his sight,
 Will he not lose the one now his by right?

HENRY BERGH'S BASTINADO.

Henry Bergh, the acknowledged champion of the lower animals, has now turned his attention to that class who presume to call themselves lords of creation—we mean mankind—although some of them are, perhaps, on a par with even the lower animals. But Henry Bergh has almost shaken the foundations of society by his startling proposal to administer the lash to criminals.

Now, Bergh, you dear, humane gentle creature, isn't your conduct rather inconsistent? If the lower animals are not to be thrashed, why should the higher animals be in any worse position? Suppose Tom Ochiltree got vicious and was to chew a man's ear, would you beat him within an inch of his life? Suppose a vicious man were to chew Tom Ochiltree's ear,

what punishment would you inflict on that man? What is sauce for the man certainly ought to be sauce for the horse?

In anticipation of the establishment of the whipping post throughout the country, we represent Bergh in our cartoon *a la Turque*, inflicting the bastinado on some prominent individuals, whose chastisement is not wholly undeserved.

TRUE PATRIOTS WE.

LET the name of George C. Grundy, a hardware dealer, and several other excellent citizens, be handed down to posterity—if posterity doesn't kick at what it might consider a questionable honor. These *fruges consumere nati*—these worthy, self-sacrificing individuals—are men who pay others to do certain work for them. Some of their employés actually had the audacity to be members of military organizations, and were so unsufferably insolent as to respond to the call of the State military authorities, and to don their uniforms and shoulder their muskets to defend the lives and property of citizens as a precaution against some of those gentle though irrepressible brakemen, firemen and communists, who have lately taken into their heads to get up a little extra excitement. Puck will immortalize the great-minded Grundy as a brilliant specimen of the noble band of brothers-in-arms against their militia employés. Yes, the patriotic hardware hero, Grundy, says to his soldier clerks: "You may go and fight; you may prevent mobs from burning down my store; you may mount guard to your heart's content; you may discharge your muskets—but I discharge you. Don't enter my store again."

Now, disgraced Grundy, Puck has a few words to say and may as well tell you confidentially that he had almost determined to administer the bastinado to you in his cartoon; certainly you were a more deserving man than some of those represented undergoing punishment. Hardware-monger Grundy, your early training has been shamefully, nay, criminally neglected, and thus Puck is obliged to take you in hand, wretched man. Won't you learn to understand that peddling, selling and dealing in hardware are not the sole objects for which we're placed on this globe? No! Groveling Grundy, you have mistaken views of life altogether.

The world wasn't manufactured nor society constituted merely to give you an opportunity of disposing of a cent's worth of tacks, or a cast-iron corkscrew. These trumpery matters are mere means to ends of which you appear to have entirely lost sight. Those ends are happiness, peace, comfort, harmony and doing unto others as you would be done by. Selling hardware, lager beer, peanuts, and huckstering generally, are simply permitted by the community to enable a man to earn something that he may exchange it for food and raiment for himself and family. Such a system is perhaps necessary in our complex system of civilization.

Society permits Grundy to become a unit in it—protects him; and Grundy revenges himself on society by refusing to give his share of protection in return.

PUCK, O sordid Grundy! now dismisses you, and the sooner you take your peddler's pack and clear out of the United States, the better for its remaining citizens. You may find some congenial spirits in Central Africa, though he doubt it.

WHEN Dudgeon sails over the sound with his newly-constructed flying-machine, won't that be high dudgeon? Those who can't see this joke are requested to communicate with the editor.

THE "HERALD" AND THE WAR.

IT pains us deeply when our enterprising contemporary, the *Herald*, gets out of its reckoning, but even an independent journal, if it is edited three or four thousand miles away, can't always be right. We gather from its editorials that it would not clothe itself in sackcloth and ashes if Russia were to walk into Constantinople. Indeed, it has planned out the whole campaign for the Czar's troops. Its war man knows exactly the route of every army corps, where this field-battery will be unlimbered, where that cavalry troop will charge, how the Turks will march out of Europe, etc., just as ordinary mortals know that the price of PUCK is ten cents, and that a filthy Third Avenue car will land you in Harlem in two or three hours if it doesn't get blocked on the way. All was so delightfully clear that we were perfectly satisfied that nothing was left to think out. The Russian right flank was to advance on Obschajmaglakaragatsch, covering Puskalivetz in its progress, while Osman Pasha was to dive into the Black Sea, followed by all his troops, and Suleiman and Raouf Pashas were to surrender unconditionally. Unfortunately the *Herald's* programme has not been carried out, and the Russians have had a terrible whipping at Plevna. That is their fault, not the *Herald's*. Did not that omniscient journal, through its corps of ubiquitous correspondents, tell the Czar what ought to have been done to have insured victory? and if he neglects its advice he must put up with the consequences. Prince Schackosky, General Krudener, Grand Duke Nicholas, please don't blame the *Herald*, which gives you free of charge the use of its brains, but cannot supply you with any of that valuable commodity for personal use. "Common sense would have won this battle of Plevna," says the *Herald*, "genius was not called for." The *Herald* is really entitled to our heartfelt sympathy. It is rough on an editor when he supports a miserable, semi-barbarous, ruffianly and aggressive despotic unprincipled power like Russia, who wars with the canting cry of religion on its standard, when that power gets a slap in the face from a nation little inferior to it in barbarity, but a long way ahead of it in sense of right where its existence is concerned. The sooner the hollowness of the unnatural and incongruous sympathy—if it exists at all—between the degraded Tartar hordes constituting the Russian nation and enlightened America is exposed and cast to the winds, the better for our self-respect and discrimination.

MINISTER PIERREPONT says he hasn't any armorial bearings but simply E. P. on his carriage. Extravagant Parasite that means, we suppose.

ALEX. H. STEPHENS is writing a paper on the Junius question, and it is a soul-thrilling sight to watch the old man grip the pen with both hands and sling off his impassioned sentences with a display of muscular force that strikes terror to the heart of the audacious mosquito hovering about his lofty brow.

PHILADELPHIA has got a baby *Sun*. When it grows up, will it have Deacon Richard Smiths and Tall Towers and G. W. C., A. M.s and stamps of fraud and things? Or isn't it that kind of a *Sun*?

JENNY LIND, at fifty-six, has had another baby. And now Susan B. Anthony comes to the front again to remark, casually, that when you find a man who can equal that achievement, it will be time enough to deny the right of suffrage to down-trodden woman.

THAT MULE PROBLEM.

THE answers to "Anxious Inquirer's" mule problem still come in; but the right one hasn't been struck yet. We allow one more opportunity in our next number; and then—unless some wily reader forestalls us—we shall publish the solution from our own standpoint, which we believe to be the correct one.

August 4th, 1877.

Dear Puck:

If algebra can solve your problem, it is solved—thus:

Let a = the mule,
 b = the right hind-leg.
 c = original owner.

Now, if $a + b - c = \$5$, then $a - (b + c) + \$5 - x$ will give $(b + c) = ab - \$5 + c \times m -$ or, to state it more clearly, $ab + c = x - d + xy$, which is the answer, leaving the mule out of the question.

That settles it.

BABE-BIBO,
 Albany, N. Y.

N. Y., Aug. 3, 1877.

Dear Puck:

Here is the whole thing in a nut-shell, arithmetically stated:

Bought for	- - - - -	\$3.00
Sold him back for	- - - - -	5.00
Bill refused by grocer	- - - - -	5.00
Bonus on damn mule	- - - - -	0.84
Stamp stuck on mule	- - - - -	0.03
Funeral expenses	- - - - -	1.07

Total - - - - - \$14.94

Thus the answer is \$14.94, but I can't exactly say whether the man or the mule is in on the transaction.

Yours,
 BRYANT & STRATTON.

144 TREMONT ST., BOSTON,
 July 29, 1877.

Editor Puck:

DEAR SIR—That mule puzzle is sheer nonsense, and an insult to the intelligence of your readers.

HAROLD G. FRANKLIN.

Editor Puck:

Permit me to prove that the answer to "Anxious Inquirer's Mule Problem" is \$3.26.

LEDGER.

Dr.	Mule Account.		Cr.
To Sundries,	\$3.00	By Cash,	\$5.00
“ Profit and loss,	6.10	“ P. Stamps,	0.84
		Balance,	3.26
	<hr/> \$9.10		<hr/> \$9.10

JOURNAL ENTRIES.

Sundries to Cash.

Mule account, - - - - - \$3.00

Cash to Sundries.

Mule account, - - - - - \$5.84

Sundries to Profit and Loss.—Mule Account.

Counterfeit Bill,	- - - - -	\$5.00
Lightning-struck Stamp,	- - - - -	0.03
Funeral Expenses,	- - - - -	1.07
		\$6.10

The cash account is self-evident, and unnecessary to exhibit.

ACCOUNTANT.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Aug. 1, 1877.

Dear Puck:

The mule question is not put sufficiently clearly; that is, the statement is not adequate. How much are we to allow for the value of the mule's society during the three days the man had him? I can come to no conclusion until I know this.

Respectfully yours,
 J. WALKER HALLET,
 9 Carondelet St.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 3d, 1877.

Editor Puck:

My answer to "Anxious Inquirer's Mule Problem" is \$3.26. Isn't that right?
 CHAS. ADAMS COLE.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 1st, 1877.

Dear Puck:

\$3.26 is my answer. It is the only correct one that I can see, unless there is some catch. But a mule is too serious an animal to be treated with such levity.

GAIL OX.

To the Editor of Puck:

SIR—In answer to "Anxious Subscriber" we should say she loves him, and he should not let monetary considerations influence him. Matrimony is the proper state for young men.

Yours very truly,
 C. A. D.

This must be a joke on Dana; but what has it got to do with the mule? PUCK.

WHAT a delightfully soft thing it is to be an agent to some life non-insurance companies. It's even more enviable than the position of a brakeman. The Universal Life Insurance Company's deficit is over a million dollars, and Messrs. Montague, Bewly, and another fellow, have only pocketed some \$450,000 for "commissions." Of course these disinterested agents will return the amount at once to the confiding and swindled policy-holders; that is to say, if they've any conscience at all—which PUCK is almost inclined to doubt.

WILLIE WINTER sits on the top of Mont Blanc, swinging his legs over the edge of an unfathomable crevasse, and casts an anxious glance westward as he queries: "Does my image linger yet on memory's tender breast, or is she quiet by this time, do you think?"

MINISTER PIERREPONT, the man who oils his own hair and wears a diamond pin in his shirt-front, and embroiders the arms of "Lady Mary" on the corner of his handkerchief, arises in all his official dignity, and remarks to the spirit of John Lathrop Motley: "You didn't call on me when you were in London, and I ain't going to your funeral. So there, now!"

"BILLIARDS is not exactly an ungodly game," said the Seacliff parson, trying to get at his handkerchief without disturbing the euchre-deck in his coat-tail pocket, "but it leads to ungodliness, and is a snare and a temptation to youth." And then he went around to the barn, and met three of the elders, and the interest was prolonged.

THROUGH an oversight, Mr. James T. Fields's amusing story of the "Turtle and the Flamingo" was quoted as from the London *Figaro* in our last issue. *St. Nicholas* is the publication in which the verses originally appeared, and it is entitled to all the credit.

Answers for the Anxious.

L. M.—N. O.

WATTS.—Why shouldn't she?"

RUTABAGA.—Go plant yourself.

LURIDARO.—We have attended to your case.

JAS. W. McL.—We may use it. Hard to say just now.

SMARAGD.—1: No. 2: No. 3: No. 4: No. 5:

B. B., Hoboken.—Don't be discouraged. Try it again. Youth is the time for pluck and perseverance.

RUBETSCHKY.—Send us one more like that last poem, and we will rise in our wrath; and that will be the end of Rubetschky.

EVENING MAIL.—You are right. It was an accident. We appreciate your spirit of justice, and have made amends, as you see.

BOURNE-SMITH.—1: We do not see why you should not. 2: Send it direct to the manager. It makes no difference what kind of paper you use, so long as you write legibly.

BELLE.—Mr. Tupper did *not* write the poem you mention. Mr. Tupper would as soon fool around a grizzly-bear as around a Prometheus Unbound. Prometheus are not in his line.

SNIGGLES.—When you next send us a funny contribution, never mind the stamps, but let a metallic coffin accompany it. If we read one more production of yours, it would be but a faint and feeble interest we should take in life.

STUART.—Liberality is all very well, and we like a young man who is not fettered by the effete customs of antiquity; but we don't see that even the most progressive mind has a right to put more than say sixteen or seventeen lines into one sonnet.

DUBITATIO.—If she expresses herself willing to make affidavit to the fact before the nearest Justice of the Peace, we should think you might safely believe she loves you. But ask Mr. Chas. A. Dana. He is the one infallible authority on these subjects.

SHELLEY, JR.—Walk down, when the next calm Sabbath morning breaks upon the earth—walk down to the gentle stream that purls peacefully through the emerald meadows of your native Jersey; gaze on its crystal current; let your glance penetrate its pellucid depths, and note the waving of fox-tail along its hollowed marge. And then think of the poem you have sent us, pick out the deepest place, and jump right in.

ARABELLA.—You tell us, in your highly-interesting poem, that your love gave you a "boquet." For such a proceeding we have only the severest reprehension. Don't encourage that very vulgar young man. The next thing you know he will be taking you to the theatre with an *er*, and asking your permission to smoke cigars with an *se*. Don't have anything to do with that youth until he reforms.

WARM BEE.—Find some sweet bird, with golden plumage, caroling in the groves of a land of sunshine; and, when you have found her, nestle your head on her breast, raise your voice in sweet accord with your feathered darling, and sing in soft accompaniment your impassioned lines on "Art." That's the kind of a mate for a man of your sympathetic nature; but don't come north and warble to PUCK.

P.S.—We have made use of your postage stamps—and sent your MS. by return mail.

M. A. L.—Your former verses are to be published in some other paper? No! Well that must prove one of two things, either you are a man of genius, or the editor is. We don't see how we can bear up against this terrible revenge of yours—but he has our sympathy; the editor we mean. But this is not all. You not only snatch forever from our gaze the beautiful lines which we had the pleasure of declining, but you send us some others—"The Greatest Bliss"—so much sadder than the first ones, that we fear you'll have to hand them over to the same kind editor. He's welcome to them. Can we say more? But we *will* quote one stanza—for the benefit of all who are similarly afflicted. Apropos of naming "The Greatest Bliss," you observe:

"A sailor now I ask
 To tell me,
 Sure 'tis an easy task;
 But one place in I bask—
 The sea!"

These lines are simply crushing in their loveliness. Especially the phrase "in I bask." An "In-I-bask" must be a strange and wonderful thing, of which we have never heard. Oh—you mean the word "bask" which means to lie in warmth. Just imagine, in the first place, a brawny tar lying in warmth in the sea, and then conversing about in the words: "But one place in I bask, the sea!" Verily, you are a budding genius, but you bud too much.

MOMENTS WITH MR. SIMPKIN.

WHEN I was in the country last summer, I thought I would drop over to an adjoining village to pay a visit to Mr. Simpkin, who, I had been given to understand previous to leaving the city, was an ingenious individual, and had a number of inventions constantly on hand for the amusement and edification of any chance visitor.

I had a letter of introduction carefully inserted in my pocket; so, having nothing else to do, I hired a horse and wagon, and set out to see Mr. Simpkin.

I was soon at his residence, and after he had read the letter, he smiled, and asked me into the house.

"Now, then," he commenced, after we were both seated, "if there is a being on this earth on whom I dote more than another, it is he whose taste runs on inventions and curious things. I was always great on it myself. Why, when I was a boy and had plenty of ambition, I had an idea I could bottle sound. If I had succeeded my fortune would have been made.

"My idea was to furnish new music to people in the country. For instance, whenever a new opera should come out, it was my intention to run it from a piano, through a tube, into a tin can, and then have the can hermetically sealed. I could thus fill a thousand cans at a time, and all the purchaser would be obliged to do in order to enjoy the contents, would be to make a little hole in the can, and the music would steal out. I was going to sell opera at a quarter per can. Just think of it! A whole opera for twenty-five cents!

"And then I was going to can oratorios, and all the popular pieces of sacred music, which would be handy for missionaries to take to the heathen.

"But I didn't succeed. I canned the notes correctly, but they wouldn't come out in the right time. About two minutes after the start the can would burst, and a whole opera would be reduced to an instantaneous belch.

"After this I had a large hole dug on top of the hill yonder, which I intended to make into a musical reservoir. A huge steam organ was to have been inserted in the cavity, and pipes were to run therefrom to music metres, which would be placed in the house of any one willing to pay the regular rates.

"All these people would have to do, when they wished to be regaled with the divine afflatus, would be to turn on a faucet, and the room would immediately be filled with melody; but it fell through because the people wouldn't patronize me; they said five dollars per thousand feet was too much.

"I was almost broken-hearted, and was about to give up in despair, when a new idea struck me, and I started right off to put it into execution, and get up what I call a 'frogchestrion.' I have caught and trained a lot of frogs, out of which I draw the most soul-stirring tunes. Now just come out to the barn and I'll show you the thing, and play some tunes for you."

I followed him, and we were soon in the barn.

His frogchestrion consisted of a number of trained frogs, sitting on their haunches side by side on a board.

They were arranged according to size, the large ones being the bass notes.

There was a whole gamut of them; each one when touched would emit the note he represented.

Mr. Simpkin drew a stool over, placed his notes in front of the frogs, and dashed off the "Pirates' Chorus" in the most graceful style. After this, as the hour was rather late, I bade him good-day, and thanked him cordially for

the trouble he had taken to entertain me. He shook my hand warmly, and as I was about to leave, he said:

"I'd just exhibit that frogchestrion in New York if I had a few more frogs. It used to be a first-rate musical instrument; but the cat got into the barn the other day and ate up a couple of the octaves."

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

XX.

SARATOGA—II.



Ya-as; this watering place is verwy much superwior, yer know, to the Bwanch, as it's in the interwior, and not on the seashaw; but I weally can't say that I'm desperwately carwied away with it.

People are supposed to conggregate here on account of the spwings. Just as my folks, a hundred years ago, and even later, used to visit Bath and other wesorts, and as severwal people, forweigners and others, go to such places in Eurwope, in Austwia, or Pwussia, or somewhere else. I've stwollod about Ems and Wiesbaden, but Sarwatoga does not wesemble them to any wemarkable extent.

There is a tolerwably pwetty but verwy cwtacted garden in close pwoximity to the hotel. It is called a park—Pwogwess Park, or something of that kind. It contains spwings, and boys dwawing up minerwal-waters with long wods—and a fellow can dwink as often as he thinks pwoper. A band often plays in the evening; and Amerwican young fellows who have a pwedilection for getting spoons on female young cweatures, have considerable opportunity to gwatify what Jack Carnegie calls a depwaved taste. But Jack is so satirwical, and such a cynic, or stoic (I forget which), yer know. After I've had a bath, and Luigi has wubbed me, and flourwished his wazor about my face, and bwushed my hair, I go to bwakfast. A stwapping black fellow—a negwo, stands at the door of the woom, as at other places, and dwaws away the chairs for a fellow to sit down at a table. I don't eat verwy much bwakfast. There are a gweat varwiety of things to select fwom; but the large majorwity consists of innumerable kinds of preparwations of hot bwead and wolls—horwibly injurwious to Amerwican fellows' indigestion, yer know.

All the women, as at the Bwanch, wear diamonds for bwakfast, which shows devilishly inferwior bweeding. How doosidly widiculous, and how all Belgwavia and the town would almost woar, if my mother were to sit down to bwakfast with the tiarwa and other arwange-ments she wears at dwawing-wooms when she wants to pwesent anybody. I wonder what the Queen would say. And I'm sure that Lady Florwence wouldn't believe it—she wouldn't, 'pon my soul. We walk into the dwawing-woom—weally quite pwettily furnished—and go on the verwandahs, light cigarwettes, and listen to the bands, or twy to play Amerwican billiards, or look at the women sitting wound. The girls have their hair verwy elaborwately dwessed, are pwetty, but don't look stwong. No, I will not marwy an Amerwican.

The young Amerwicans who twy to be dandies, nearly all dwess like twadesmen and middle-class cads, and wear cwavats of verwy loud colors and patterns, and cwoss their legs to show their shoes and bwight wainbow socks, with verwy conspicuous cwocks, like fellows who dance with clogs at the Alhambwa. They

are also addicted to the stwongly wepwehensible pwactice of dwinking in bar-wooms. Now, I can put up with a gweat deal in a stwange countwy, but I weally can't stand that, yer know. I shall have some more wemarks to make about Sarwatoga.

SUMMER RESORT NOTES.

SAG HARBOR does not sag to speak of. It is very firmly established.

THE report that CONEY ISLAND is to be towed further out to sea is said to be groundless.

SANTA BARBARA, California, is a good place to send your wife to if you want to go to Jones's Wood.

LAKE SUPERIOR is a very good place to go to, for people who like that sort of thing; but all others had better stay away from such a place.

THE best hotel in HAWAII, and one which we can confidently recommend, is the Muntchi-Muntchi House, kept by Mr. J. G. Kamehalilo. It is within five minutes' walk of the railway-station, and guests who have been there speak in high terms of the table, and especially of the missionary steaks, of which this house makes a specialty.

THE great success which has been enjoyed by the WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS has led to the establishment of a watering-place on the same plan, which, it is hoped, will be equally popular. The new springs, which have been but recently discovered, are an immense improvement on the old, being of a more fashionable color, namely écru.

PUCK'S PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

BY OUR OWN HERALD.

CHINAMAN no stlikee.

EPAMINONDAS was a Kickapoo.

PIERREPONT maketh his face shine with oil.

BISMARCK speaks German with a French accent.

ALIUNDE JOSEPHUS is not the author of "Songs of Seven."

DON'T argue with a man who knows better. Clip him one over the ear, and then beg his pardon.

THERE is no truth in the assertion that the Duke Alexis wears a middle-name since his recent visit.

THE wise paragrapher writeth a stupid thing in the language of scripture, and getteth a laugh thereby.

THE report is authoritatively denied that General Grant, when at Windsor Castle, wanted to drink his champagne out of a schooner.

ALL our notables are out of town. Geo. Francis Train, Count Joannes and Eli Perkins alone remain to comfort us.

WHY should the spirit of mortal be proud? Because, in spite of all the labor riots, lager can still be bought at five cents a glass.

WAGNER will return to this country in the fall. It is said the marks on his face have entirely healed.

JAS. GORDON BENNETT will not come to America this year. He proposes to give another operatic trilogy at Bayreuth.

BRET HARTE doesn't think Mark Twain is so awfully funny, anyhow, and Mark Twain can't for the life of him see where Bret Harte got his reputation from. So much for their collaboration on "Ah Sin."

LOVE AND CORNS.



1. Oh, Valentine Adolphus, what *should* I say to Papa if he came in now?



2. Valentine Adolphus gives her a hint.—
"Papa, this is my—my—chiropodist!"



3. "Delighted to see you, sir. I have a corn—if you will——"



4. Valentine Adolphus doesn't "will"—but he looks at her and then at him—and he must.



5. By good luck, he has with him his thirty-two-blade pocket-knife, with a saw, a file, a bradawl, a tack-hammer and a corkscrew in it.



6. And therewith he begins operations.



7. He tries twenty-seven different blades, the saw, the file and then the bradawl, and concludes to polish off the job with the corkscrew.



8. Which results in a sudden change of base on the part of the enemy.



9. The corn is eradicated, but Papa doesn't feel any better for it. Valentine Adolphus has not resumed his visits.

A FRENCH FLAT.

HE came with a look of joyous excitement in his face, and said triumphantly: "I've taken a flat, and I'm glad of it. I've hit the right idea at last. I have had rooms with board; I have had rooms without board; I have had them already furnished, and I've furnished them myself; I have had bachelor's chambers, and all that sort of thing—but they were all no good. I've taken a French flat now, and a French flat is the only kind of a home worth having."

And he wiped the perspiration from his happy brow, and asked me to take a drink. He invited me to call and see him. He was sharing the flat with a party of friends, and, altogether, he assured me that he felt quite like another man since he had made the move.

I entertained my own ideas about a French flat, but I kept them to myself. I didn't want to dampen his ardor. I never dampen anybody's ardor. I don't like wet blankets, and I know no one else does.

"Well, I'm glad, old man, that you've struck the comfortable thing," I observed. "I shall certainly avail myself of your kind invitation. Give my regards to Geoffrey when you get home, and tell him I shall be up soon," and we parted.

I visited him a week later. I looked at the flat. It was decidedly comfortable. There was a bath-room with hot and cold water, a dining-room, a large bed-room, two small ones, a sitting-room, a kitchen, and an immense number of closets. All of which was cheering and inspiring, and we drank and made merry over it. And then we drank and made merry some more.

Finally Jack—his name was Jack—proposed that we should go to the theatre. It was a happy thought, and we agreed to go. And Jack changed his trousers and put on a new coat, and said he was ready.

Geoffrey and the others stayed at home, playing Sancho Pedro, and discussing the defeat of the Russian troops.

We got to the theatre before the first act was over, and just in time to fail to make head or tail of the second act. But then the piece was "Ah Sin," and it was no wonder—there was no head or tail to it.

We took a drink or two between the acts, and when the show was over, we felt as though we really needed a stimulant. We had endured a great deal.

So we had some supper and some wine, and some more wine. And getting warmed up to the delightful knowledge that Jack was living in a flat, and had all the comforts in the world at home, we grew quite blissful, and drank to the health of the flat with vigor and rapidity.

It didn't make any difference what time of day he got home now. He was living in a flat, and he was his own master. So we had some more wine and drank some more health.

We wound up in a cab. I thought it best to see Jack home. So I saw him there; and yelled a lusty good-night, and waved my hand from the cab-seat, after Jack had planted his foot on the step in front of his door.

I drove home. I kept thinking of Jack and his comfortable flat. I let myself in with a latch-key, and climbed up to the fourth story in my stocking feet for fear of waking my sister-in-law, who is an invalid. When I got into my room I found a book lying on my bed, and a collar on the book-shelf. I knew some of my brother's children had got into my room and upset things, and I thought more and more of Jack's flat, and began to envy him.

But what with the wine and my weariness, I didn't commune with myself very long. I disrobed with more rapidity than elegance, and got into bed with more precision than grace.

And I fell asleep without further delay. I don't remember whether I dreamed or not. If I did dream, it must have been about Jack's French flat.

* * * *

When I got down the next morning, I found Jack waiting at the office.

But, oh, how he was changed!

He had a scratch over his left eyebrow, a blue mark on his right cheek-bone, one tooth gone, and a swelling under his right eye.

He tried to varnish all this over with a smile—but it was a very sad smile.

"Why, Lord bless me! What's the matter, Jack?" I exclaimed, catching sight of his sudden transformation.

"Matter? Nothing is the matter," he retorted with grim sarcasm, "only that damn flat!"

"Eh?" I gasped in surprise, "Damn flat? What do you mean?"

"Only that I was locked out—that's all."

"Locked out? Why, didn't you have a key?"

"Left it in my other trousers."

"Didn't you ring the bell?"

"Didn't I ring?" he repeated, with a look of terrible rage, "I rang it all to pieces. The bell that leads to my floor is in the hall, on the right hand of the inside door, where all the bells are. The outside door was closed. There was only one bell that could be rung from the street, and that led to the basement; but I rang it—"

"Didn't you get an answer?"

"I rang for an hour. Then I sat down, and then I rang again for another hour. Then I swore and called for Geoffrey. But either I didn't call loud enough, or Geoffrey wasn't awake enough. I didn't fetch him for a cent. Then I swore again, and kicked against the door, and shied a clam-shell up against the second-story window. Then I sat down again. But the clam-shell did the business. A middle-aged man, with a bald head and a revolver, came down to the front door, and after he'd kicked me half off my seat trying to wake me, asked me what in thunder I meant by breaking his window. He had only moved in yesterday."

"I want to get in," I said.

"What do you want to get in for?"

"That's none of your business," I said. I was getting nerved up now, and I wasn't going to stand any of his nonsense.

"It isn't, is it?" said he. "You're off your handle. Get away from here or I'll have you locked up."

"The devil you will," I said; but I don't know how it was, before I had a chance to hit him a single whack, I had tumbled into a policeman's arms. I tried to make 'em believe I lived in that house, but they wouldn't believe it.

"He's trying to play it on you," the man said to the policeman, and then he slammed the door. I couldn't persuade the policeman I lived in that house, and I was bound to get in. That's what I said to the cop; but he wasn't open to argument. He hit me over the head. I have an indistinct recollection of being called drunk, and being clubbed over the head several times more. I also remember being handcuffed—but how I ever got into the station-house, where I found myself the next morning, I'm blown if I can make out."

"But how did you get out?" I asked.

"How did I get out?" he replied, with a look of bitter repentance. "I was fined ten dollars for being drunk and disorderly."

* * * *

And as we went to a neighboring saloon, he explained the anatomical construction of these door-bells once more, and finally remarked: "I am going to move out of that damn flat to-morrow."

LITTLE TOMMY'S TALKS.



We've left S'toga. We're at Long Branch now.

Long Branch is just where fins end, and the water begins.

Over the ovver side of the water they make the clouds, and send 'em floating over this way. They make ovver

fins, too. Ships float up, and sticks; and one day a dead horse came up.

All the people dance here, most every night. I should fink they'd get awful tired. But they keep wight on.

I asked my big brover Jim why they did it.

He said it was because they wanted to get married.

But I saw some ladies dancing who were real old—older than my mama, a lot.

It must be an awful slow way of getting married.

In the daytime people go down to the place where the water starts and go in and get wet. I've been in.

They took me down into a house and took off all my fins and dressed me in funny clothes.

I fought I was going to be a man in a circus.

Then my papa walked down to the water and he held tight hold of my hand. When he got to the edge, the water stood wight up about five hundred feet high.

Then my papa said: "One—two—free!" and he jumped straight in.

I didn't mind my papa's jumping in, but he jumped me along wiv him.

Then I fought it was circus, sure.

The water knocked me down and gave me a slap in the face all over me, and then it punched me in my stumick. And when my papa pulled me out, it ran up after me and tried to trip me up.

I cried.

I fink I must have swallowed most of the ocean that time. It all ran out of my hair and eyes and ears and mouf, and right froo my skin.

I didn't like it a bit.

Now I do. I go in every day, and when I come out I want to fly. I feel so good.

My mama doesn't go in washing.

My big brover Jim does, though. My big brover Jim's awful thin in his legs. When he comes out of the water and his circus clothes stick to him, he looks ever so funny.

He tries to 'pank me when I larf at him, though.

But you ought to see my sister Sylvia when she goes into the water.

A STUDY IN A STUDY.

THEY were sitting at the same desk, and he had just said to his collaborator, in the mildest and sweetest of tones: "My dear old boy, please hand me the scissors." And when his companion, with a calm smile of gentle joy, obeyed his request, saying, "Here they are, my dear old boy," he began an affectionate discussion: "Why should we not let the civilities that cheer us on over the hard path of daily existence still reign, even in our office, amid the rough routine of work? There is nothing like a gentle harmony, a sort of mild enjoyment of each other's good will —"

His partner grasped his hand, warmly, and tears were about rushing to his eyes, when the first speaker burst out in a voice that drove those tears back again quicker than lightning: "D— your soul, you've upset the ink-bottle, and knocked all my copy to blazes."



THE CARDINAL'S DAUGHTER.

Air: "Ratcatcher's Daughter."

IN Rome, you've heard, a Countess lives—
She says she's a Cardinal's daughter,
And swears that her father's fortune, by rights,
Belong to her had oughter.

Chorus—Doodle-di-doodle-di,
Da-dum doodle-dum.

"By my dead dad's hat I'm not quite a flat,"
Says she to the College, that fought her;
"When in the court I hope to sit upon the Pope—
For I'm Cardinal Antonelli's daughter."

Chorus—Doodle-di, &c.

But the church was amazed, and almost crazed,
And thinks in its net has caught her;
Though it's not polite—indeed, it's scarcely right
For a Cardinal to have a daughter.

Chorus—Doodle-di, &c.

PUCK'S
HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER II.

IF imitation is the sincerest flattery, Columbus soon found himself flattered into a back seat.

The original discoverer having neglected to take out a patent on his find, very nearly all the unoccupied portion of the European population went into the discovery business, and wandered multitudinously to the western wilds.

Thus the 'Tramp became an institution in America.

This institution is still extant.

Among the gentlemen of leisure who started for the new world, immediately after Columbus, were Amerigo Vespucci, Ponce de Leon, G. W. de Soto, William Boa, better known as Bill, the Cabot Family (who were in the circus business), Cortez, Pizarro, and a member of the Smith family.

This chapter of our history will deal with the feats and fortunes of these discoverers.

It is scarcely necessary to say, after mentioning this crowd, that the original Columbus got badly left.

He made a few more voyages to America, got as far south as Brazil, and lost all his money at faro.

In his old age he went back to Spain, clean bust.

When the bent and wasted figure of Columbus appeared at the Court of Madrid, the King, who had a good memory, smiled a sardonic smile and remarked that the whirligig of time was immense on bringing in revenges, as Shakespeare was about to say, a hundred years later.

And His Majesty ordered Columbus to be cast into prison.

Afterwards he used to go and sit outside the gratings and taunt the venerable navigator.

"You're the man who said 'them ships,' are you?" he would ask, mockingly. "You're the man with the egg, eh? You're the fellow my wife thought was good-looking? Oh, *how* are you now?"

Ultimately both the King and Columbus died, which is a way historical characters have.

Among discoverers the boss fraud was Amerigo Vespucci, or, as the pedantic schoolbooks will spell his name, *A-mer-ee-go Ves-pootch-ee*.

He followed Columbus, jumped his claim, staked it out in his own name, and snatched all the glory baldheaded.

Ponce de Leon was another man of a very different kind. He sailed down along the Atlantic coast and discovered Florida, which was about as useless a place to discover as any man could pick out.

Florida has never been put to any practical use since its discovery, except by a *Sun* reporter, who uses it to date his column-and-a-half alligator letters from.

Ponce de Leon's specialty was the finding of the Fountain of Eternal Youth. He hunted all around for it, and it is a keen and heartfelt delight to the historian to be able to state that he finally struck it in Bourbon county, Kentucky.

The spring is still in operation.

De Soto was the man who discovered the Mississippi.



He also discovered Mark Twain, who was at that time a pilot on a river steamer. Those were the days of Mark's youth and comparative innocence. He had never published a book, and hadn't dreamed of writing a play. All his subsequent degradation de Soto is responsible for.

The world might have been happier and better if de Soto had left the young man in his primeval simplicity.

Minnesota is named after de Soto's daughter Minnie.

Pizarro is the man who struck Peru. He brought priests down to Peru, who were greatly shocked at the irreligious condition of the inhabitants, who referred to the reverend gentlemen as "gospel-slingers."

This is a picture of a priest expressing horror and astonishment at the sight of an ungodly Peruvian.



But Pizarro knocked a good deal out of the ungodliness of the Peruvian people. He prob-

ably knocked out the next thing to it, too, for the Peruvians have never been famous for an exaggerated estimate of the beauties of cleanliness.

Bill Boa, the individual before referred to, was a man who habitually traveled on Bill Board tickets. He discovered the Pacific ocean. He felt one morning like taking a swim. He had been swimming in whiskey all the week, and he thought he would try water for a change. So he went to the top of a mountain and discovered the Pacific ocean. He didn't know its name at that time, though, and he called it the South Sea, which shows how horribly his geography was mixed up.



As soon as Bill Boa—whom, by the way, later commentators have erroneously spelled Balboa—saw the Pacific, he sloped for it, which accounts for the Pacific slope.

The Cabots discovered Newfoundland and created a breed of dogs, who are not much good for fighting purposes, however.

The other minor discoverers discovered whatever there was left to discover.

(To be continued.)

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

BISHOP COXE is taking his vacation in Nic-sics.

MR. MOSES AARON is not at the Kraendt Choonion.

MISS EMILY SOLDENE will pass the rest of the summer in Australia.

COUNT JOANNES is flooding Saratoga with the light of his legal acumen.

MRS. DR. MARY WALKER is acting as *fille du regiment* to the West Point Cadets.

CHAS. FRANCIS ADAMS will go for a week or two up either the North or the Boston-bean pole.

SIGNOR OLEBILLALLENI the celebrated tenor, is giving his phenomenal but much-abused organ a rest during the summer months.

MR. ABRAHAM O. HALL, a gentleman once well known in legal and artistic circles of this city, is passing the summer in Europe.

WHEN a Nicaraguan mother-in-law lights out for her victim with a poker, and accidentally catches her own Teutonic spouse over the head, it is at once made an international matter, and it takes Bismarck, two Alcaddes, a Dutch Ambassador, a U. S. Minister Resident, four reams of official correspondence, a British iron-clad and one piece of arnica court-plaster to restore affairs to their normal condition.

PUCK.

BERG'S BASTINADO.





A HINT FROM THE APOSTLE OF HUMANITY.



AT THE THEATRES LAST WEEK.

NEW YORK, August 4th, 1877.

Dear Puck:

Amid a garden of theatrical *Juliets*, more or less teeming with weeds, New York has at last discovered a bright blossom. It is only fourteen years old—according to the advertising agent's testimony, printed in big letters, and flaunted high and low and in every possible nook that is convenient for flaunting—and on the 30th ult. this blossom blossomed. It was at Booth's Theatre—the tenting-ground of so many *Capulets*; the field of the varied triumphs and defeats of Mary McVicker, Blanche De Bar, Adelaide Neilson, Sara Jewett, Fanny Davenport, Ada Dias, Maude Granger, Marie Wainwright and others, including that rollicking embodiment of charming absurdity, Minnie Cummings. Miss Anna Boyle—such is the blossom's other name—in making her first appearance in this rôle, had to contend against the prejudice engendered by her predecessors. There exists a certain amount of sympathy for the rôle of *Juliet*—tortured as it has been at the hands of so many novices. And many of those who went to Booth's Theatre on Monday last, went there more in the expectation of mourning with the fair impersonator over the defeat of the rôle than in the hope of enjoyment. It is only just to say that all such were disappointed.

And I am glad of it.

There has been such a monotony of failures, that the success achieved by Miss Anna Boyle is a relief.

And she did achieve a success.

She does not by any means give us the ideal *Juliet*; for the mere supposition that a child should glow with the passion of Shakspeare's Italian heroine is wild and irrational. But what Miss Boyle lacked in passion, she made up for in intelligence. And that is no small matter.

There are many experienced actresses, who have held sway on the boards over thousands of admiring auditors for many years, who have never touched their hearts, but who have appealed to their intellects by their studied art. It is a question that I do not intend to discuss here; which is the more in the cause of the drama, *per se*, and which is more in the cause of the art of acting—the appeal to the mind or the heart. But be this as it may, to be able to say of Miss Anna Boyle's *Juliet* that it was rendered in such a way as to win the admiration of our intelligence, is to accord it high praise indeed, and to place the young lady, who so early sets out on the road to histrionic glory, above the rank of many older actresses who have failed to accomplish what she has done.

Of course, we must abandon at the outset any idea of a woman's passion. We have no right to expect it of a child of fourteen years, however intelligent she may be; and abandoning this *sine qua non* of *Juliet's* character, we must not attempt to criticize the performance from the rigid standpoint of a Shakspearean *Juliet*. Of course, the fiendishly strict and logical critic can put in his claim here, and say: "You needn't go any further. She doesn't look *Juliet*, she can't feel *Juliet*, and consequently she can't act *Juliet*."

Which is all very true.

But I listened attentively to her reading; I

watched her with interest as she suggested, scene after scene, what she might have done with the character if she had only had the power, and it was a source of real intellectual gratification.

There was a freshness about the performance that was delightful.

There was a girlish grace, too, that well became the earlier scenes.

And there was an untutored spontaneity—an ease—a lack of restraint—that won instant recognition.

Anna Boyle's *Juliet* will not set us aglow with sympathetic passion, or stir in the depths of our natures feverish thoughts of love and bliss—at least, it won't just yet; there is no telling what it may do in a few years from now—but on Monday night it brought out with true skill the meaning and the beauties of the author's lines.

Let the caviling critic point to older of the recent débutantes, and say as much with a clear conscience, if he can.

I do not doubt that in the course of time Miss Boyle will become a great actress. She is a remarkable one to-day; and if she is not handicapped by the stultifying soubriquet of "prodigy," there can be no doubt of her ultimate triumph. But I think she is badly managed. The agent into whose hands she has fallen seems to have spent his time entirely in composing puerile circulars for the press, and in dwelling upon the fact that Shakspeare's *Juliet* was only fourteen, and his *Juliet* isn't any older. Although the warm sun of Italy, coupled with the romance of the poet's mind whence *Juliet* sprang, had no more to do towards maturing the nature of the girl than the air of Washington, D. C., and the desperate manoeuvres of a business-manager. If Miss Boyle wants to be successful on her own merits—and she certainly has merits of her own that should command success—she ought to cut herself adrift from the baneful influences of such a theatrical charlatan.

The cast was a good one; Milnes Levick played *Mercutio* with great éclat. Mr. Walter Treville played *Romeo*, and—though it was to only one *Juliet*—he so far excelled the beefy Britisher who essayed the rôle with the notorious plurality of loves, that his earnestness and intelligence and devotion were really enjoyable. He suggested Mr. Coghlan in voice, and when he shall have gained the latter gentleman's ease and experience in acting, will not be unworthy of comparison with him.

In conclusion, a few simple suggestions, more in a spirit of kindness than in censure, may not come amiss to the young heroine.

When she paces the balcony—if she must pace it at all—I must tell her that she must so regulate her restlessness as to avoid giving the audience the impression that she is suffering from the toothache; and when she handles her properties—such as the phial and dagger—she should clutch a firm hold on them, and not drop them over various portions of the stage; for these properties are useful in the play—especially the dagger, to stab herself with.

But all this doesn't detract from the credit that is due her for an admirably-conceived impersonation. She deserves success, and I congratulate her.

* * * *

"Ah Sin" was brought out at the Fifth Avenue Theatre last Tuesday night. I do not intend to waste any elaborate criticism on it. There is but one adjective that justly characterizes it, and that is idiotic. Of all driveling idiocy put into alleged dramatic form, "Ah Sin" is the most driveling. The fact that two names so well known as Mark Twain and Bret Harte should be attached to the play, makes the insipid conglomeration all the more painful. It is an insult to the intelligence of

theatre-goers to foist such a mass of rubbish upon them; and not even the feeble attempt at conciliatory wit in Mark Twain's *entr'acte* speeches can atone for the offense. The cleverness of Mr. Parsloe in the title rôle, and the good acting by the company, served only to make us the more indignant at the compound of extravagance and vulgarity into which the actors have been thrust. I have enjoyed Mark Twain's sketches, and admired Bret Harte's poems and stories, and I am sorry that two men so clever as they should have disgraced themselves with such a drama. But I have too much faith in the common sense of New York audiences to believe that "Ah Sin" will be tolerated for any length of time.

Impartially yours,

SILAS DRIFT.

P. S.—Just my luck! It isn't often I can stir up the lethargic passion of my soul into anything like enthusiasm. I came very near doing it over sweet Anna Boyle—only fourteen years old! Since writing the foregoing letter, the news reaches me that the enterprise has collapsed! *Juliet* only two nights! Alas! S. D.

2d P. S.—And they say she's more than fourteen years old! Can such things be? S. D.

3 P. S.—I shan't believe it. S. D.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

"BABY" is still the pet of the public.

ANNA THE AMBITIOUS is taking a rest. PUCK has ordered a *Te Deum*.

ADELAIDE THE ADORABLE will add to the afflictions of autumn by her absence.

MISS LOUISA POMEROY will continue to throw discredit on Verona by playing *Juliet*.

NEXT month we shall have "Struck Oil" at the Union Square, and "Strogoff" at the Lyceum.

At the New Broadway, Mr. McKee-Rankin will soon play a Joaquin gentleman's part in "The Danites."

MRS. OATES proposes to go to Paris to study from new *operas bouffe*, under Lecocq. Lecocq has started for Siberia.

WOOD'S THEATRE audiences are "tickled e'enamost to death" by Mr. Dan Thompson's impersonation of *Joshua Whitcomb*.

H. W. BEECHER will perform next season in "Our Idol" and "A Terrible Temptation," the pieces in which he made so striking a success several seasons ago.

MR. STUART ROBSON denies the report that he is engaged to support Francis Murphy in "Ten Nights in a Bar-room." Mr. Robson says the positions would be more likely to be reversed.

THE OPERA HOUSE at Sheboygan is open only once a month. Then the Sheboyganites go to see Booth or Davenport, and come away and say: "Oh, we've got local talent that can lay over any two of *that*."

F. C. BANGS is going to star in "The Soldier's Trust;" but there is no foundation for the report that the drama is founded on the adventures of a member of the 5th Pennsylvania during the late unpleasantness.

ANOTHER week has passed without any news from Clara Morris. She has not been run away with, nor submitted to an operation, nor adopted a child, nor ejected a horse-doctor, nor otherwise come to the front. Clara, we have missed you.

It was the Centennial of 1977. He lingered about the main building, a venerable figure with snowy locks and patriarchal beard. Finally he inquired of a policeman: "Are they playing 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' anywhere in Philadelphia?" "Yes," was the reply. "Who is the Topsy—Mrs. Howard?" he inquired tremulously. "Yes," said the policeman. "I will go," he said.



Silhouettes
AND
Songs.

III.
ASIDES.

SHE.
Why can't he speak, my laggard lover,
And learn that I'm his own for aye?

HE.
I'd like to speak and have it over,
But what if she should say me nay?"

SHE.
He can't keep talking of the weather—
Provoking fellow!—*all* the day.

HE.
This is an hour we've sat together—
But—oh, if she should say me nay!

SHE.
Would he find words to whisper better,
If I made feint to go away?

HE.
She's rising—going—shall I let her,
Only for fear she'll say me nay?

SHE.
Good afternoon, then—I must leave you—
You'll pardon me?

HE.
Oh don't, I pray.
One word—I love you!

SHE.
I believe you.

HE.
And you?
I don't—

HE.
Oh, love!

SHE.
Say nay.

H. C. BUNNER.

A HINT FOR BEECHER.

GRASSHOPPERS are utilized in Algiers. According to the London *Graphic* an Arab tribe roasts and eats them. They are said to taste like dried nuts. Beecher should now preach a supplementary sermon, urging the laborer to go out West, earn a dollar a day and live on bread, water, and roasted grasshoppers. They are plentiful enough, and would at least impart to the water a nutty flavor, which would be a luxury in itself. It might even be possible to dispense with the bread altogether—then the workingman could spend his dollar a day on rum and tobacco.

MORE ENGLISH WIT.

THIS is how the London *Fun* jokes on the alleged attempted assassination of Suspender-buckle Stillson, the *Herald* correspondent:

"Several futile attempts, so the American papers say, have been made to assassinate Mr. Stilltong, the New York *Herald's* correspondent in Utah. By his managing to escape so repeatedly it would appear that a Still tong conveys a wise head in the new country as well as in the old. Except for the age of the proverb, however, it would seem more natural if the head conveyed the tongue."

ARISTOCRACY ON SHORT NOTICE.

THEY were two City Hall Park bootblacks. One had red hair, and the other boasted a retroussé nose, whose beauty was somewhat obscured by a touch of the professional pigment.

They both landed, at the same instant, on a dignified-looking old gentleman, and both, as by a common impulse, drew off.

"After you, sir!" said the boy with the red hair.

"By no means, Your Honor," responded the boy with the nose.

"But I insist, General," said the red-haired one.

"Indeed, Commodore, I couldn't think of it," said the black-nosed youth.

"I want my boots blacked," interposed the old gentleman.

"You dry up!" said the red-haired boy to the old gentleman; and then, turning to the boy with the smutty nose, he continued: "Your Lordship will put me under an obligation by taking the precedence."

The other was equal to the occasion, and he replied:

"Count, under any other circumstances your wish would be equal to a command. But at present I really must decline."

"Spoken like yourself, Marquis," said the red-headed bootblack, "yet I shall feel obliged—"

"Are you going to black my boots?" said the old gentleman.

"Will you go soak?" inquired the boy with the black nose, "what do you mean by speaking when you ain't spoken to? Your Grace, I must repeat my assurances—"

The old gentleman gathered himself together, and dropped down on the aristocracy; and when he left them, two minutes afterwards, they looked as if two French Revolutions had struck them all in a heap.

"Your Highness," said the red-haired boy, arising from the wreck of his box, and shaking himself, "may I recommend to you a two-cent raw hyster for them eyes?"

"I am obliged to your Imperial Majesty for the tip," responded the boy with the smutty nose.

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

THE big man took the little man by the coat-collar, and held him over a barber-shop railing, and applied approbrious epithets to him. Then the small man rose up quietly, and slipped silently through that barber-shop, and went away somewhere and soliloquized: "This is too much. It is unpleasant to be taken by the coat-collar; it is hard to be called things which I am not, and which are, moreover, a reflection on my ancestry—but to be dropped over the railings of a barber-shop—a barber-shop—it's that which galls me. If it had been a lager-beer saloon, or a carpenter-shop, or a soup-house, now, I would not have minded it. But a barber-shop. I shall never look up again. The blighting garlic of that barber's breath will tarnish my escutcheon to the end of time!"

And then he wiped his brow with a 'kerchief that had J. G. worked in one corner, took a drink and went home, muttering to himself: "Ill get square on that sneak Selover, if it takes me a hundred years."

HEPWORTH DIXON still asserts that Bacon wrote Shakspeare. Now somebody ought to prove that Shakspeare wrote Bacon, and then it would be about a square thing, although this might raise the question as to whether Boucicault wasn't the author of both.

AN ACCOMMODATING POET.

(Boucicaulted from the Norristown Herald.)

WHERE SHE LIES.

HOW TO IMPROVE A POEM.

We lately received the following poem, and attached to it the author's full name, which, for obvious reasons, we withhold.

IN THE GREENWOOD.

By C. DeH.

In the greenwood sweetly sleeping,
Where the willow branches wave,
Lies the idol of my dreaming,
In the dark and silent grave.

There she lies and knows no sorrow,
In that lonely, quiet spot,
While around her grave are blooming
Roses and forget-me not.

There the robin sweetly warbles,
There the wild bee daily hums,
There the pebbly streamlet gurgles,
There the water-lily blooms.

Walt Whitman may write poetry, and make "Constantinople" rhyme with "pyrogenous," without provoking the slightest comment, but the *Herald* has a reputation to maintain, and no budding poet can rhyme "hums" with "blooms" and shove the production on to us, without having the defect pointed out. So we returned the poem to the author, with the explanation that the rhyme in the last verse was somewhat faulty—sort o' lame in the hind legs, as it were—and suggested that he improve it, if possible.

And he improved it—after a manner. He returned the contribution as originally written, and appended thereto several of what he calls "improved verses," from which, he says, we may "take our choice." We detect an air of biting sarcasm in Mr. C. DeH's private note, but no doubt he means well, and we have concluded to give a few samples of his "improved verses," and let the reader make his or her own selection:

1st Improved Verse.

There the robin sweetly warbles,
There the wild bee daily hums,
There the pebbly streamlet gurgles,
Wearing off its little gums.

We felt pretty certain that our poet could improve the objectionable rhyme, if he would only give his entire mind to the work for a day or two. And behold the result—or rather one of the results, for there are several of them. Longfellow will be a much longer fellow in this world before he evolves a more perfect rhyme than "hums" and "gums." The hypercritical may look upon the last line as a trifle far-fetched, but such persons would pick flaws in the masterpiece of Milton.

2d Improved Verse.

There the pebbly streamlet gurgles,
Wearing off its little gums;
There the robin sweetly warbles
There the water-lily blums.

This verse doesn't please us as hugely as the preceding one. There is too much effusiveness in the last line. Such a piece of writing would have invited no criticism in the days of Shakespeare, but in this enlightened and rioting nineteenth century we naturally look for something better—something more realistic. There is altogether too much poetic license loafing around the word "blums."

Where the water-lily blums

is every bit as poetic, and has the advantage of reaching much farther out after sense. A lily might "bum" around where his "idol lies," "just as a man with a cardinal nose can, and does, "bum" around a free-lunch counter.

3d Improved Verse.

There the water-lily gurgles,
There the robin sweetly hums,
There the dentist fondly lingers
Taking out the lady's gums.

This is better—much better. There is a wealth of imagery in that stanza. In imagination we see that dentist, ghoul-like unearthing the remains of our poet's idol—digging her out of

the dark and silent grave
Where the willow branches wave"—

and "taking out her gums." We presume they were false, and cost sixty-five dollars before the panic, and the dentist had not been paid for them.

4th Improved Verse.

There the pebbly streamlets warble,
There the wild bee chews its gum,
There the water-lily twitters,
There the robin stays at hum.

You will observe that the more our poet improves the faulty verse the better it grows. Lives there a man with a soul so dead—with all the finer feelings of his moral nature so blunted—that he can read the last quoted stanza without feeling a choking sensation in his throat, and the unbidden tears moistening his eyes? We fear there are many such. When a Vassar College girl reads that second line—"There the wild bee chews its gum"—she will impulsively exclaim, "O, isn't that too sweet for anything!" and her mind will instantly revert to last commencement-day, when all was bustle and confusion—especially bustle—when she placed a hunk of gum, only half chewed, over the ledge of her chamber-door, and went downstairs and read her essay on "Woman's True Sphere," and returned only to find that the sweet morsel had been surreptitiously finished by another girl.

Byron never wrote anything to match that "4th improved verse." Probably his friends would have murdered him if he had.

We shall not give the remaining "improved verses." The reader would hardly believe us if we were to declare that they are quite as good as those already given. But they are.

Mr. C. DeH. is the most accommodating poet we have encountered during a large and varied newspaper experience. Besides furnishing us with his poem and its amendments, free of charge, he kindly offers, in case the foregoing should not prove satisfactory, to draw a map, "locating the particular spot where the young lady sleeps." We appreciate his kindness, but it is not necessary. The fact that she *does* sleep—sleep in the silent grave—is all we desire to know at present. But if some of the foregoing verses don't disturb her slumbers, Gabriel will have to procure a 250-horse-power horn if he expects to awaken her when he blows the last trumpet!

GRANT!

Hippety, hoppety, toodledy dum!
Nobody knew he was going to come;
Ringing the rounds of a rangeless fame,
Now we are gladfully glad that he came;
And when he flies to his western home,
We will be happy to think that he had kome;
Winging his way to that westerly clime,
May he be happy to think that he kime;
He may be sure there'll be plenty of room,
Waiting for him the next time he may coom;
Fact!

The above is all we are permitted to publish of an unpublished poem by Mr. Tennyson on the occasion of General Grant's recent visit to England. We present this exquisite stanza to our readers only for the purpose of allaying the fears of those who thought the laureate was going to neglect our ex-President.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

THE smallest peach heard of this year is Tweed's.—*Graphic*.

Two Knaves and a Queen.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

(This Story was begun in No. 4. Back Numbers can be obtained at the office of PUCK, 13 North William st.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

(Continued.)

PRAY do not let your confidence lessen your vigilance. Remember that your grandfather was deceived by her, and he at first was adverse to her and De Gaillefontaine. Exposed to her influence, why should not you—young, ardent, gallant—be victimized? You must promise me that you will hold no kind of communication with her until the property is secured to you, and the De Gaillefontaines' villainy exposed. After that you of course may do as you please. My safety is involved in the condition I impose. I will not stir a hand unless you promise this."

"You are needlessly stringent," said Hugh, with an uncomfortable laugh.

"Nevertheless I am inflexible in my determination. You can do nothing without me, and I must insist upon you attempting to do nothing if you accept my assistance. You must neither seek an interview with René or De Gaillefontaine, nor grant them one if they seek it."

"I will agree to that. But you have said nothing of the reward you expect for your services. You are not entirely disinterested, I think, Mr. Fox."

"I neither wish to gain nor to lose, sir. In the event of my failure to get the other half of this will, I require only your continued secrecy. In the event of my succeeding, I simply ask a continuance of the income granted me under the present arrangement between myself and De Gaillefontaine—a matter of 150*l.* per annum, to which my services to your grandfather entitle me. I am not avaricious; and I do this for no pecuniary benefit to myself, but merely for the love of justice and you—"

"And revenge."

"Well, sir, I will admit that the unfair advantage taken by that Gascon embitters me towards him, and I should be glad to see him go out of those gates at Riverford as he made me go out of them. As I said, he gives me 150*l.* a year. I want but your assurance that I shall not be a loser by my endeavors in your behalf, and that only on condition that I succeed in getting the will from De Gaillefontaine. I ask you to sign no paper; I rely solely upon your word of honor."

"If you have so much faith in my sense of justice, I can hardly see why you consulted me in the matter at all, since the same confidence would have assured you that I would not let you suffer by exposing, in my behalf, a fraud against me."

"Mr. Biron, it may be years before I am enabled to obtain the half-will, and in that time, unless you were forewarned, you might be overcome by the enemy. The very knowledge that I am seeking to obtain it will show De Gaillefontaine his danger, and doubtless he will at once suggest to René the advisability of seducing you into a marriage which would, of course, free them from fear on my account."

"How will you get the will?" asked Hugh.

"At the risk of my life. My enemy is younger and stronger than I am, and, to my knowledge, habitually carries a weapon."

"Can I do nothing?"

"Nothing—until I give you the will. Yours is a passive policy. You must regard yourself as a person powerless to attack in the opening of a game, but all important to defend. Your

time to strike will come. At present you must rest prepared to repel if attacked. You will be attacked surely if your whereabouts is in any way discovered by that woman."

"But you said that the man knows where I live."

"There are wheels within wheels. De Gailfontaine tries to keep René in his hands. I will tell you a fact: one object of her visit to Italy was to find you."

"I have heard—"

"How?"

"From a friend."

"Then you cannot doubt her baseness."

"If I believe you."

"And if I produce the will?"

"Then I must believe you," said Hugh, with a feeling of uneasiness.

"Till then doubt both."

"You may never bring it, and I may unjustly continue to doubt her."

Mr. Fox did not like the tone, and saw that matters must be brought to a close speedily. He cried with energy, "But I will produce this proof of her turpitude. Fix a period—say twelve months from this day, and if by that time I do not produce the signature to tally with this which I now give into your hands, tell me I am a liar and a fool, and tell the Gailfontaines also; so must I lose my income and be punished for my failure. But in justice promise also that you will do nothing to defeat my purpose."

"That is but honesty."

"Then you promise?"

Hugh was compelled against his instincts, and said, not without hesitation, "Yes."

"Then I begin at once," cried the old man, with the quick firmness of youth, and as hastily as possible withdrew, fearful lest Hugh should retract.

He was elated with the prospect of occupation, having been idle for some time, and become heartily disgusted with the humdrum existence of an eventless life. His was the keen enjoyment of a hound unleashed, and the very smell of quarry fired his dog-soul with wild energy and excitement. He had no thought but for the success before him. His eyes were on the pavement, and he felt as though he could fly over the ground. Turning a corner precipitately he ran against a woman, gave a curse, a transitory glance at the woman's face, and passed on with a new emotion in his mind. When he thought she had turned the corner he looked back, stopped short, and said: "Mattie Blake—Mrs. Reynolds! What does she in this neighborhood?"

CHAPTER XIX.

"Did you see that female who ran against me?" asked Mr. Fox of a man lounging around an adjacent public-house.

"I see you run agin a female."

Mr. Fox dived his hand into his pocket, saying, "I'll give you a sixpence to follow her, and another when you come back and tell me the number of the house and the name of the street where she stops."

The man snatched the coin and disappeared at the corner. In three minutes he returned.

"No. 30 in this here nex street, Charlroy Street. Thank you, master."

Mr. Fox gave the money ungrudgingly, having received all he expected for it.

"Mrs. Reynolds visits Hugh Biron, her former lover," said he to himself, stroking his chin and walking now with slow steps and a gait conducive to thought. "It must have been her portrait he was careful to conceal; from her he heard of René Biron's purpose in visiting Italy. Why did he say nothing of this to me? Is that young man playing a double game—

looking over both hands before he takes his partner?"

Upon reflection this latter hypothesis appeared improbable. Nevertheless he saw the advisability of cutting the line of communication between the cousins, and determined at once to do the best he could to that effect.

The meddling gossip knew all about Tom Reynolds and his affairs, learning part from Blake at the Ferry-boat, part from Reynolds himself, whom he had visited several times, despite the coolness with which he was received. Tom nor Mattie liked him, and Fox knew the state of their feelings thoroughly; but it made no difference to him, except that it added interest to his visits. He had not learnt that Mattie and Mr. Biron were on visiting terms, and this led him to believe that Tom did not know of it, as there were few facts which Tom or any one else knew, and did not purposely conceal, which Fox would not extract by dint of questioning. Under any circumstances he would have puddled this mystery, with a view to getting ore from the mud he stirred up. He delighted in little scandals and the possession of facts which were best concealed. Excessive inquisitiveness was part of his nature, and allied with this disposition was a mischievous propensity to set every one by the ears. He was eager to tell Tom Reynolds that his wife visited Hugh Biron, not that a straying sheep might be brought tenderly back to the fold, but that she should be worried and barked at and beaten, and be made the cause of sorrow and pain to all who loved her. He would have done this from purely disinterested malice, but as his own interests were involved, he set about the task with unusual pleasure and alacrity.

Since Tom's misfortune, he and his wife had lived in two small rooms at Kennington, and there Tom had learned to make wicker-baskets. As Mr. Fox stood with his hand upon the door, he heard Tom whistling blithely as the osiers rattled under his hand, and as he reflected that he was about to silence if he could those sounds of happy carelessness for ever, and might never hear that whistle again, he almost cheated himself into the belief that he was acting with compunction. It is possible that even a bird-catcher who lives by cruelty does at one moment feel a remorse in setting into cramped captivity and darkness the thrush, whose joyous song attracted him in the dappled shadow of the fresh and fragrant wood. Mr. Fox knocked. Tom paused in his work, crying, "Come in," and turned his sightless face towards the door.

"Who are you? I am blind."

"It is I, Thomas," said Fox, with bland sympathy. "Do you know my voice?"

"Master Fox," said Tom, recommencing his work, with no heartier welcome expressed in his face than in his words of greeting. He pretended nothing.

"I am here again. You seem very happy, my friend."

"Yes, I am happy, thank God, and I've every reason so to be. I've larned an occupation, and don't miss my sight nothing nigh what I feared at first. And I've got a wife that'd make any man forget his troubles, though he had as many as him in the Bible with the biles and blains. I deu think a wife like that'd make you happy, Master Fox."

"Thank you, Thomas, my personal affairs are prosperous and good. If I seem unhappy, it is for the misfortunes of others, rather than my own. Your wife goes out in the morning?"

"Yes. She won't be home for tew or three hours. She is wonderful quick, to be sure. She manages to get all her work at home done, and then finds time to go and mind shop for a friend who has an engagement elsewhere, and so is glad to give my wife a few shillings for the service. But how did you know she goes out?"

"I met her, Thomas."

"You met her—ah!"

"Yes, near Tottenham-court Road. Do you know where that is?"

"Tottenham-court Road!" echoed Tom, pausing in his work for a moment. Then he said with a laugh, as he recommenced, "You've made a mistake—'twarn't she at all."

"Yes, it was. She wears a dark-stuff dress and a thick veil. I shouldn't have recognized her but that I accidentally ran against her face to face."

"Mattie in Tottenham-court Road! Well, it may be so. Likely as maybe she's gone an errand for her friend."

"Do you know her friend?"

"Not much. I've heard her speak, and her voice is pleasant. She's a widow, poor soul, yet young."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"What ails you, man?"

"Nothing; and yet—"

"Out with it."

"Do you know nothing about this friend—about her acquaintances?"

"I know she keeps a shop, but I've never hard nothing about her friends. 'Tain't no business of mine to pry into her affairs. Daresay Mattie knows all about 'em, for women dew talk; but it 'ud be only a fool'd want one to tell him all they tew do say."

"I daresay you think it's no business of mine to interest myself in your affairs."

"Maybe I deu. But we must all make allowances. You alway was fond of meddling, Master Fox, and I daresay you can't help interfering with folks' happiness, no more 'un a pig can help walking into a flower-garden and routing up the flowers if he finds a gate open."

"You don't know me sufficiently."

"Think I deu, sir,—t any rate I don't want to know no moare."

"You mistake my motive in making these inquiries, and if you were in my place I am confident you would do as I do. You would not let a poor child be lost in this cruel city without making an effort to put her under the close protection of her natural guardian."

"That's enough. I won't listen to nothing against the wider. Mattie's the best judge of her character; and so good-morning to you, Master Fox."

"I shall not go till I have performed my duty. It is not about your wife's friend, but about your wife, I have to speak."

"More reason I shouldn't listen," said Tom, his brow contracting.

"But you must listen; and if you were stone-deaf as well as blind I would find means to make you understand, for the sake of the poor girl."

(To be continued.)

AN old soldier has been passing some homely criticisms upon one of Mrs. Butler's battle-pieces. He says the men's faces look too clean after a day's firing. For our own part, the greatest fault we have to find with the battle-pieces of our great masters is that in too many cases the uniforms appear to have been made with some vague intention of fitting the soldiers who might wear them. We don't know how it may be in other countries, but in the United States army a quartermaster who would furnish a uniform that would fit an infantry soldier any better than it would a cow, would be instantly dismissed from the service. This is a strict law, and there has never been a dismissal under it yet.—*Exchange.*

ABOUT this time o' year the man, who has spent a hundred dollars on his garden begins to estimate his onions at two dollars each, in order to make his books balance.—*Detroit Free Press.*



Puck's Exchanges.

RESIGNATION.

He was a singularly grave man, even for a sexton. For nearly a half-century he had been a public functionary—had performed the conspicuous duties of a sexton; yet no one had ever seen him smile. Occasionally he joked, but he did it in such a funereal manner that no one could accuse him of levity.

One day he was standing on the church-steps, wiping his melancholy features with a red bandanna. A hearse stood near, and three or four carriages were drawn up behind it. The notes of the organ floated out of the windows with solemn effect. A stranger came along and said:

"Funeral?"

And the old sexton gravely bowed his head—it was.

"Who's dead?"

The old man again wiped his brow and gave the name of the deceased.

"What complaint?" asked the inquisitive stranger.

Solemnly placing his bandanna in his hat, and covering his bald head, the old sexton made answer:

"There is no complaint; everybody is entirely satisfied.—*Worcester Press.*"

CHERRIES ought to be healthy, for a cherry gives stone to the stomach.—*Whitehall Times.*

GIVE us the dollars of anybody—what's the use of being particular?—*Rochester Democrat.*

BEER was introduced to this country thirty years ago. It came over in a schooner.—*Boston Post.*

UNMUZZLED peaches have injured a number of small boys during the past week.—*Rome Sentinel.*

YOU had better learn to swim before you get drowned, as you will not probably have time afterwards.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

THE thermometers are very sensible this warm weather. They are always quoted as being in the shade.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

ARTHUR, the leader of the strikers, would like to have the troubles settled by arbitration. We prefer R. B. Hayes to arbiters.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

A STRANGER was in town this morning offering to bet five dollars that the backbone of Winter was broken. No takers.—*Norristown Herald.*

MUKHTAR PASHA prays five times a day, but then he only fights once a month, and that's where the Russians get the bulge on him.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

SOME fiend last week proposed to put down the riots by distributing a car-load of green peaches and watermelons among the rioters.—*Norristown Herald.*

WHAT must be the potato-bug's opinion of the humanity that goes around all day putting poison on the victuals of humble insects?—*Turner's Falls Reporter.*

BEECHER walked across the temporary foot-bridge over the East River, last week. It isn't the first time that he has found himself in a state of wiry suspense.—*Graphic.*

SOME excursion-boat will be going down with all on board, one of those days, and then we shall hear that old excuse, "didn't know it was loaded."—*Chicago Journal.*

WHAT is the use of experimenting to discover perpetual motion until some way has been invented to utilize the jaw of the captain of a base-ball nine.—*Rome Sentinel.*

GENERAL GRANT wanted to smoke a big cigar in the presence of the Queen, but he abstained when they told him she had laid aside her clay-pipe forever.—*Detroit Free Press.*

SOME one has observed that America has no emblematic national plant, as have most other nations. This some one seems to have forgotten the tobacco plant.—*Chicago Journal.*

"HOPEFUL." No, the rioters did not rip the paragrapher of the Pittsburgh *Dispatch* limb from limb. They hunted the town over, but could not find him.—*Oil City Derrick.*

SMELL of almost any lake or river water and you can detect defunct fish. And some people have to drink this liquid because of the temperance excitement.—*Chicago Journal.*

VINNIE REAM is modeling the bust of Custer. (N.B.—The compositor will please be careful not to set this up, "Vinnie Ream is modeling the bust of Buster.")—*Norristown Herald.*

It will soon be time for the little boy to start for Sunday-school in the bright beautiful morning, and fall out of a neighbor's fruit-tree before the church-bell rings.—*Brookville Jeffersonian.*

A STROKE of lightning the other day tore a boy's boot to pieces and didn't harm the boy. The reason was that he had placed the boot under a tree and gone in swimming.—*Oil City Call.*

THE circus-poster crop is almost a total failure this season, and the owners of goats have been compelled to lay in an extra stock of old bustles and second-hand fruit cans.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE temporal harvest will soon be ended, and then cometh the camp-meeting with its spiritual harvest—out of a big black bottle around the edges of the grounds.—*Brookville Jeffersonian.*

IT was a Vassar girl who, when a sailor of forty years voyages had been pointed out to her as an "old salt," subsequently alluded to him as "ancient chloride of sodium."—*New York Commercial.*

A LECTURER against women's rights, named Tait, was hissed by the women of Mattoon, Ill., recently. They should remember that the women who hiss a Tait are lost.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

THE body of a man who was carried over Niagara Falls has been recovered from the whirlpool. It was stripped as clean as if it had fallen among the hackmen. It was also dead.—*St. Louis Times.*

A POEM in an exchange begins with the line, "A smile, who will refuse a smile?" We think the person who would refuse a smile these times must be either very sick or constitutionally unable to drink.—*Rockland Courier.*

CIVILIZATION has weaned men from cannibalism, it is thought; but ten times as many lobsters are eaten to-day as were devoured ten years ago. The moral responsibility is shifted—that's all.—*Turner's Falls Reporter.*

"Is that a heavy draft razor?" inquired a customer of a Titusville barber, yesterday. "Heavy draft razor? Wot yo' mean, boss?" "O, nuthin'; only thought it might be one; 'cause it pulls so infernally, you know.—*Oil City Derrick.*

THE strike has had a demoralizing effect upon trade, and has paralyzed the business interests of the country. A well-known manufacturer of skates informed us yesterday he had no demand for his goods at all.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

MRS. MULOCK CRAIK has written some verses about "When a Man Comes Home." She says, "When a man comes home, let him enter smiling." But pretty often he has "smiled" so much before he comes home, that it is almost impossible for him to enter at all.—*Norristown Herald.*

IT was a Rome undertaker who assumed a sad expression and intended to say, "Gather them in," but he got confused, and merely remarked, "Whoop 'em up," when the mourners sadly but expeditiously bounced him.—*Rome Sentinel.*

IT is claimed by papers of that city that Albany is a summer resort. Once let a place get a legislature, and she is ready to claim anything. We expect to hear in a few days that Albany is the seat of the Eastern war.—*Rochester Democrat.*

How beautiful is the sea. One can stand upon the rocks of the coast and watch the incoming waves and listen delighted to their low music for hours at a time, and yet it is the sea that causes thousands of strong men to swear, chew plug, drink rum, go without suspenders, and smell of tar.—*Danbury News.*

THE song of the jail-bird is in many bars.—*Herald P. I.* So is the song of the soap-maker.—*Detroit Free Press.* So is the song of the toper.—*Rochester Democrat.* So is the song of the Mississippi pilot.—*New York Graphic.* So is—but we forbear. We have yet to hear from the *Hawkeye* man.—*Albany Journal.*

WHEN the average woman is engaged in the manufacture of a woolen undershirt for a heathen of the torrid zone, she pities his blind ignorance; but when she finds that the cake she intended for the charity festival is burned at the bottom, she respects, yea, envies the Hindoo who can swear by 130,000 gods.—*Brookville Jeffersonian.*

THE act of the milkman in leaving open his patron's gates looks like a freak of genius; but the truth is, there is deep cunning in this seeming negligence. Gates open, goats get in and destroy the shrubbery, prejudice is excited against the goats, goats can give no more milk, and there is no further competition with the milkman.—*Courier-Journal.*

LAST year at this time you were prancing around in a white oilcloth-cape with a torch in hand, and a mouth full of party enthusiasm. This year you sit in the grocery and ache your jaw over Turko-Russian names, or lean over the fence and watch your neighbor pursue the bounding potato-bug. Life is full of mutations.—*Catskill Recorder.*

OF late the matutinal pouring of kerosene on the kitchen-fire, to expedite combustion, has apparently become one of the customs of the past. But a plan fully as effective and deadly, and one that is sure to meet the approval of the Undertakers' Union, has been discovered by the Baltimore man who inspected a leaky gas-metre with a lighted candle.—*Exchange.*

A "high government functionary," as the reporters called him, recently took tea with a lady in Philadelphia, and after a while she, observing that he had no teaspoon, exclaimed: "Why, Mr. —, it isn't possible that I forgot to give you a spoon. I could not have made such a mistake." The "high government functionary" at once arose, and, with the air of a veteran, offered his pockets for "investigation." The lady said, she didn't mean that, and the affair was dropped.—*Exchange unidentified.*

ANIMALS may think, but sometimes they do not think very fast. A cow got into a James street garden on Friday, and it took her half-an-hour to make up her mind where to go out. A man and dog were flooding her mind with information, all the time, too.—*Rome Sentinel*.

A STRANGER arrived in St. Louis, took a look at the city and shot himself. In his pockets were found thirty-five cents and a stub of a lead-pencil, which caused the coroner's jury to return a verdict: "Chicago editor—couldn't stand prosperity."—*Cortland Democrat*.

How strange it is that there has never yet been found a land-turtle innocent of the name or initials of some one long since passed away. Judging from the number thus far discovered, the entire Revolutionary army must have occupied their spare time catching turtles and labeling them.—*Philadelphia Press*.

A MAIN STREET man stood inside the blinds the other day and spent fifteen minutes trying to brush a streak of sunshine off his pants with the clothes-brush, before he discovered what it was. He was so mad then that he jawed his wife, whipped three of the children, and sulked all the rest of the day.—*Bridgeport Standard*.

"IMPROVED FIG-LEAVES," is the heading which the New Orleans *Democrat* puts over an article on the fashions.

THOSE strikers—beg pardon—railroad employes, will say after a bit they didn't strike at all—it was only the riotous mob, with whom they had no sympathy.—*Phila. Bulletin*.



Received the First Prize at the Centennial Exhibition, Philadelphia, 1876

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HE BEGAN IT.



THEN HIS TURN CAME.

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